THE
HISTORY OF H
the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *John of Lan*
of *Weſtmerland*, with othe

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan wi
Finde we a time for frighted pe
And breath ſhort-winded accen
To be commenc't in ſtronds a fa
No more the thirſty entrance of
Shall dawbe his lips with her own children
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell he
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hoo
Of hoſtile paſes : thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heav
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beſeeming ranke
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed k
No more ſhall cut his Maſter : therefore fri
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldiers now, under whoſe bleſſe
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we l
Whoſe armes were moulded in their moth
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields
Over whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,